

# Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 196.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1856.

VOL. VIII. No. 14.

## Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.  
When left by Carrier, \$2.50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, No. 21 School St. Boston.  
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "  
" GEORGE P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row, " "  
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I. "  
" C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York. "  
" SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 769 Broadway, " "  
" GEORGE DUTTON, Jr., Rochester, N. Y. "  
" G. ANDRE & CO., 19 South Ninth St. Philadelphia. "  
" JOHN H. MELLOR, Pittsburg, Pa. "  
" MILLER & BEACHAM, 181 Baltimore St. Baltimore. "  
" W. D. ZOGBAUM & CO., Savannah, Ga. "  
" W. F. COLBURN, Cincinnati, O. "  
" HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O. "

### Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Translated for this Journal from the *Zeitung* of Cologne.

X.

We talked one day a long time about CHERUBINI. ROSSINI, who had lived in the greatest intimacy with him and his family, told me many things before unknown to me. The conversation turned upon his peculiar character, in which a genuine kindness lay hidden under a somewhat rough shell, which he frequently presented at the outset. I too was able to communicate to the maestro many a trait which interested him. "Here and there something of that occasional moroseness of his passed into his music," said he finally. "But what a great musician! and the bravest man one can imagine. But do you know any composer, who has effected such a total transformation in his style?"

—His earlier operas, to be sure, said I, give you not the remotest anticipation of the composer of the *Medea*. But he made no account of those works, and he wrote me once, when I asked him for some of them to look through, that they were attempts of a young man just out of school.

—Yet I caused him great pleasure one day by reminiscences from his *Giulio Sabino*, said Rossini.

—How so?

—He had written that opera for the tenor, BABINI, of whom I afterwards took singing lessons. Babini had sung over a good deal of it to me, which I remembered when I came to Paris. One day, after dinner, at Cherubini's, I sat down at the piano and sang to him these songs of his early youth. He could scarcely contain himself for amazement, since naturally he could not guess

at the connection,—but the tears came into his eyes.

—It must have carried him some forty years' back, said I. That must have affected him!—And that *you* should have brought it to his hearing!

—Did you know old SALIERI too? and WINTER? asked Rossini.

—Neither of them.

—I saw the latter in Milan, said the maestro, when he brought out there his *Maometto II*. There were very fine things in that opera; I remember especially a Terzet, in which one person behind the scenes had a broadly laid out cantilena, while the other two carried on a dramatic duet on the stage; it was capitally made and very effective. What annoyed me in Winter, was his distastefulness (*Unappetitlichkeit*). He was a man of lofty and imposing exterior, but cleanliness was not his strong side.

—O dear!

—One day he invited me to dinner. There came on a huge dish of *polpetti's*, to which he helped me and himself in oriental manner, with his fingers. That ended the dinner for me!

—That was a fearful occurrence. And Salieri? Did you see him in Vienna? I inquired.

—Certainly, the good, old gentleman! At that time he had a passion for composing canons, and came pretty regularly to supper with us.

—To compose canons?

—To get them sung. My wife and I, DAVID and NOZARI, who commonly ate with us, formed quite a respectable vocal quartet together. At last we grew quite dizzy with those interminable canons, and we begged him to hold in a little.

—His opera, *Azur*, is among my earliest musical recollections, said I.

—It contains capital pieces, as do all his operas. In his *Grotto di Trofonio*, to be sure, he was not up to his poet; CASTI's libretto is a real masterpiece. Poor Salieri! Have they not accused him of MOZART's death? said Rossini, waxing somewhat warm.

—Nobody believes in it, said I in a pacifying tone.

—At all events, this scandal was very seriously circulated. I asked him directly one day, after a canon: "Did you really poison Mozart?" He planted himself before me proudly, and said: "Look at me closely; do I look like a murderer?" And certainly he did not.

—Yet he may have been jealous of Mozart, I suggested.

—That is very likely, said Rossini; but you will confess, it is a long way from that to mixing poison.

—Which, thank God, is not readily under-

taken; if it were, composers would die off like flies. But since we are talking of those old masters, tell me something more of SIMON MAIR, of whom I know as good as nothing. Had he a strong gift of invention?

—He made himself so great a name less by that, perhaps, than by the fact that he first drew more attention in Italy to the dramatic element. Moreover in the expansion of instrumentation in our country he and PAER have had the greatest influence.

—I saw him once in his extreme old age direct a mass at Verona, said I,—or rather I *heard* him direct, for he drowned choir and orchestra by tapping with a roll of paper, which served him for a bâton.

—He was a worthy man, said Rossini, and one of comprehensive scientific culture. His *Medea*, which he composed in his later years for Naples, is a distinguished opera.

—What an expansion the Italian opera has gained though, since the time of METASTASIO, I began, when a couple of dozen arias and a little chorus formed the musical contents of a lyric drama!

—Not to forget the Recitatives, said the maestro, which were admirably treated by the good composers, and with which the best singers of that time often produced more effect and earned greater applause, than with the *bravura* airs. The latter, considered with reference to the text, were actually *hors d'œuvres*. They contained some sort of a pathetic image, and at the most repeated an expression of feelings, which had before been uttered to satiety. But METASTASIO has, after ZENO, the great merit of having peculiarly adapted our language to music. He brought into use a genuine selection of euphonious, singable words, and in this remains a model for all times. Do you know any compositions of JOMELLI?

\*—Church compositions, but no operas, I answered.

—He is the most genial of our composers of that time, continued Rossini. No one knew how to treat the voice so well. His slow movements especially are often of wonderful melodic beauty.

—But no one would seek to produce an effect with them to-day, said I, inquiringly.

—The forms, to be sure, in our Art are so changeable and so important, replied Rossini. Besides, no one now-a-days would be able to sing those things; they require a sustaining of the respiration, of which only the *castrati* were capable, whether it were owing to their thorough studies, or their bodily constitution.

—The earlier Italian singers must have taken quite other liberties than those of our time, said I,

if one compares the accounts of their extraordinary virtuosity with the simple songs, which the composers often wrote for them.

—True, the opera composers of that time commonly played a quite subordinate part, and gave the singers merely sketches, which they filled out at pleasure. Nevertheless men like DURANTE, LOTTI and JOMELLI will remain great masters for all times, exclaimed Rossini.

[To be continued.]

### Life of John Sebastian Bach;

WITH A CRITICAL VIEW OF HIS COMPOSITIONS, BY J. N. FOKKEL.

(Continued from p. 98.)

#### IV.—Instrumental Music.

There are few instruments for which Bach has not written. It was the custom, in his time, to play in the church during the communion service a concerto or solo on some instrument. He often wrote such pieces, and so contrived them that they were always a source of improvement to the performer. Most of these pieces are now lost; but for this loss we are, however, richly indemnified by the preservation of two other pieces of a different sort, viz.:—1. Six solos for the violin, without any accompaniment; and, 2. Six solos for the violoncello, likewise without accompaniment. All these twelve solos were for very many years universally considered by the most eminent performers, as the best practice extant for rendering the student complete master of his instrument.

#### V.—Vocal Music.

1.—Five complete annual series of church music, for all Sundays and holidays.  
2.—Five compositions for the Passion week; one of which is for two choruses.

3.—Several oratorios, masses, magnificat, single sanctus, compositions for birth-days and saints'-days, for funerals, marriages, serenades, and some Italian cantatas.

4.—Many motets for one and two choruses.

Most of these works are now, however, dispersed. The annual series were, after Bach's death, divided between his eldest sons, leaving, however, to W. Friedemann the largest share, as from the situation he then held at Halle, he had most use for them. But in the end his circumstances compelled him gradually to part with them all. All his other principal vocal compositions are scattered abroad. Of the motets for two choruses, eight or ten remain in the hands of different persons. The collection of music, left by the Princess Amelia of Prussia, to the Gymnasium of Joachim, and that at Berlin contains perhaps more of Bach's vocal music, than is to be found collectively in any other quarter. Though even here the compositions are not numerous. Among them are:

1. Twenty-one church cantatas. In one of them, on the words, "*Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde*," the composer has introduced bells obligato; from whence we may infer that the cantata at least was not the production of his maturer taste.

2. Two masses for five voices, with accompaniments for many instruments.

3. A mass for two choruses. The first accompanied by stringed instruments, the second by wind instruments.

4. A Passion for two choruses. The text is by Picander.

5. A *Sanctus* for four voices, and accompanied by instruments.

6. A motet for four voices, "*Aus tiefer Noth schrie ich zu dir*."

7. A motet for five voices, "*Jesu, meine Freude*."

8. Four motets for eight voices, in two choruses; viz. A. "*Fürchte dich nicht, ich bin bey dir*," &c. B. "*Der Geist hilft unserer Schwachheit auf*," &c. C. "*Komm Jesu, komm*," &c. D. "*Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied*."

9. A single fugue with four voices, "*Nimm was dein ist, und gehe hin*," &c.

10. A cantata, with recitations, airs, a duet, and a chorus. This is a rural cantata.

To this last cantata is prefixed a notice; and to the mass for two choruses, No 3, an explanation, both written by Kirnberger, pointing out the great art shown in the composition.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Signor Masoni.

FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. BROWN.

(A FANTASY PIECE.)

[Copyright secured according to law.]

#### II.

I reached Berlin, where I spent the next winter, in October. The day after my arrival, I saw the announcement of a "Sinfonie concert at Hennig's Garden, with grand orchestra by C. Liebig." With T. and J., and other music-loving Americans then in the city, I went out. My first glance at the orchestra showed me the fine face of MASONI. I did not seek him out immediately, choosing to observe him a little, for the strong impression which his features had made upon me had in some degree been lessened during eight months' absence, and I was curious to know if it would be renewed to the old extent. It was. I was more than ever convinced that I had met him long before. Who can he be? was the ever-recurring thought throughout the concert. His manly beauty had, if possible, become more striking, and the eyes of many a *Fraulein* wandered thither unconsciously. Still I fancied that I could detect evidence in his looks that all was not yet right within.

He played with no great animation, rather mechanically, through the overtures and symphony of WEBER, GLUCK and HAYDN, which were on the programme, but when the *Marcia funebre* of the *Sinfonia Eroica*, which formed the third part of the concert, came, his whole countenance changed, and the full, ringing tones of the Father Gutmann's Cremona proved that Masoni was Masoni still. All eyes sought out that first violin, and no small share of the applause, which followed the tomb-like silence during the movement, was in fact directed thitherward.

Masoni was unfeignedly glad to see me again, and the intercourse of the preceding winter was at once renewed with profit and pleasure on both sides. I found him greatly improved in mind and manners, but was sorry to see that he was often a victim to a morbid melancholy and quite without ambition; or rather, I may say, impressed with the idea that it would be vain for him to cherish that feeling. He seemed to have become weary of music. As I had already noticed, and as others told me, nothing but the Adagios and Andantes of BEETHOVEN'S Symphonies really aroused him; these never failed to do this; but when the symphony in C minor was given, he would become nervously excited and in the mighty triumphant tones of the march in the finale his instrument moved on with a dignity and power, which seemed to sweep all before it. Besides playing in the orchestra he had a few pupils, and occasionally some small composition from his pen appeared; but upon the whole his great talents lay buried in a napkin. His intellectual progress was marked, and I felt very soon that after a little intercourse in good society few young men would be fitted to take so high a place as he. I introduced him to the American students, who, during that winter (1849-50)

formed so refined a circle at the house of the American *Chargé des Affaires*. In their society—young men who did the American name honor abroad, as many of them are already doing at home—he seemed to know and appreciate himself better, and the cloud, whatsoever it was, began to have its "silver lining" and show signs of clearing away altogether.

Liebig, as Kapellmeister to the Emperor Alexander regiment, furnishes, with such members of his orchestra as belong to the band, the music at the grand dinners of the Russian Ambassador, on which occasions his concerts are necessarily deferred until evening, at seven o'clock. One of these dinners was given a few days before Christmas, but the concert was announced by the proprietors of the Garden—they having an eye to the profits of their kitchen—at six. As the audience comes early to secure favorable seats, long before seven there were manifest signs of impatience, notwithstanding the general good humor of the Germans, as they sit in little groups around the tables, with their coffee, chocolate, beer, "butter-brod," and what not before them, and the cigars in their mouths. Some became weary and went home, claiming and receiving their tickets at the door. Most remained, and the fun grew so fast and furious that I began to look round for the Argus eyes of the police, whose vigilance at that time was redoubled by the recollection of the then recent events of '48.

Suddenly there was a general hush! hush! I looked up and Masoni was standing alone upon the stage as firm, calm and collected as if he had played the virtuoso all his life. Not belonging to the regimental band, he was here, as ignorant as others of the cause of the delay. The impatience of the audience was rising to such a height, that, though with great reluctance, he had been persuaded by some who knew his powers to try the effect of his violin upon the crowd. Once before them, all trepidation, all want of confidence disappeared. The audience in general knew nothing of him as a soloist, but his well known playing in Beethoven's symphonies was remembered, and then his personal appearance, as he stood there in all his beauty, in the prime of manhood, so collected, so self-relying, strongly prepossessed every one in his favor. This prepossession increased with every note of "The Last Rose of Summer," which he played as he alone could play it, and which had just been made the popular air of all Germany by its introduction into FLOROW'S "Martha." The applause which followed called him out again and it was clear that the song had been but a test to try the temper of the audience. Now he began with a prelude, which riveted the attention of every artist in the house, and prepared the way for one of those immensely difficult fugues for the violin, which no one save BACH ever composed, and with which but two or three artists in a century venture to grapple; for although many may conquer the merely technical difficulties, it is quite another thing to add that soul of sentiment and feeling without which they are but lifeless bodies of musical notes. The applause which followed, I need not say, was general and loud, for the perfection of the performance was clear to every mind. With hardly a pause, a short prelude now led into a slow, measured, solemn melody, unknown to most of



the Germans, although familiar to every musician, the "Dead March" from Saul! An odd selection indeed; but the effect, as he sang it upon his instrument, with bells tolling from the lower strings, now giving it the sadness and sorrow of a desolate heart, and now filling the simple chords with the pomp of a king's burial, was indescribable and thrilled every nerve of every auditor. Is there in all music an example of so much accomplished in so few notes? Truly Mozart and Beethoven were right in the lofty homage they paid to the genius and majesty of Handel!

Secure of his audience, he began to extemporize, as none even of his most intimate friends had ever heard him before. As a skilful converser watches the expression in the faces of his companions and guides himself in some measure thereby, touching some points lightly and laying greater stress upon others, so Masoni in his extemporaneous efforts was in the habit of closely watching the effect produced upon his auditors. I doubt not that this heightened the magical influence of his playing upon those before him.

His magnificent eyes had, in general, a power of fascination I have never seen in any other case; but now they were lighted up with intense excitement, and when they rested for a moment upon this face or upon that, whoever caught their glance felt as if the player was laying bare some secret of his heart for him alone. The spell upon the audience had extended even to the waiters, who stood here and there, with their white napkins in their hands, motionless as statues, and for once the incessant jingle and rattling of dishes and glasses at the distant counter ceased. Strains the saddest and most touching interchanged with others of startling joyousness and wild gaiety; passages most intricate and of unheard difficulty, with melodies simple as a child's song. I can now believe all I have heard of the effects of Paganini's performances. He allowed no opportunity to his hearers to vent their feelings in applause. At moments when it seemed impossible to restrain a general burst of admiration, some turn in the music would be so skilfully and happily introduced as again to secure unbroken silence. For instance, just before he closed, he had reached a climax of the wildest, almost diabolical glee, in which his instrument spoke, as if possessed by a demon. "Bravo! bravo!" was heard lightly spoken, and every one was but waiting for the closing chord to give loud utterance to his hearty delight; but instead of the expected close, every hand was arrested, every voice silenced by an instantaneous change in the entire character of the music, which fell in the twinkling of an eye into a plain, homely, but the saddest of all American Negro melodies!

My own feelings during all this may be judged by what I have written. It was a new experience, a new revelation to me in music. Moreover the old feeling that I had formerly seen Masoni, and that I ought to know him had grown stronger with every note, until it was absolutely painful. And now as those sad, rude sounds from home met my ear, memory was illumined as by a flash of lightning, I was carried back a dozen years, the whole history was before me, and I involuntarily uttered a loud exclamation, which called forth a volley of hisses from my neighbors.

With this melody, which he gave in all sorts of wonderful forms, he closed. From the more

thoughtless of the audience a storm of applause followed; the truly artistic portion arose in silence, took their cloaks and hats, and quietly departed—they wished for no more music that evening! I hurried to Masoni. Several persons surrounded him, and were congratulating him upon his success. He listened as in a dream, hardly hearing what was said.

"Come, Masoni," said I, "you are too much excited to stay; I dare not leave you here. There comes Liebig; excuse yourself and go home with me."

Liebig gave his consent; I packed up the Cremona, threw his cloak over his shoulders, took him out, and finding how much he was exhausted by the unwonted excitement, called a droschky, and ordered the man to drive us to my room in Marien St. Masoni sank into a corner of the vehicle, and we rode through Invaliden St. and the New Gate in silence. As we passed down Louisen St., I called his attention to the numberless Christmas trees, which the people, old and young, rich and poor, were carrying, or having conveyed to their homes. Receiving no answer, I looked round and found him with his face buried in his cloak, his overtaken nervous system quite given way, and weeping like a child.

Madam Rosenbagen made us a pot of strong, fragrant tea, of which I forced him to drink freely, and under the influence of which he gradually cheered up, and recovered his equanimity. We sat an hour or two, discoursing upon books and indifferent matters, until he had fully recovered himself; and then, turning partly away from him, as he reclined upon the sofa, I began:—

"Masoni, I have a story to tell you."

"Go on."

"Ten or twelve years ago, being, like most very young men in America, a very great politician, I went to Washington, to be present at the opening of Congress, and make a personal inspection of the 'assembled wisdom.' When the Christmas vacation came, I went down into Virginia, and sought out an old college acquaintance or two. A near neighbor of one of them was a great corn and tobacco planter, a Mr. Mason, who, though not at all connected in blood with the many Virginia politicians and public men of that name, was a descendant and the representative of one of the oldest families in the 'Ancient Dominion.' He was a gentleman of the old school, and kept up many old customs upon his plantation. Among them was the observance of Christmas. The holidays were a time of general festivity, as well for his numerous slaves, as for his family and the many friends who collected there. A large out-building was cleared of its contents, trimmed with pines and other evergreens, and devoted to the merry-makings of his people, where they could enjoy themselves for a week or ten days, without let or hindrance. My friend took me over one evening to witness their proceedings at a ball. I found the affair amusing, and could not help heartily sympathizing with the dancers in their enjoyment. It would however have made little impression upon my memory, had I not been so much struck with the performance of the young slave, who officiated as fiddler upon the occasion. He was so perfectly free from all marks of an African origin, that I did not dream of his being a slave, until in reply to my question, 'who is the violinist?' my friend said: 'He is one of Mason's boys, and is thought

a great musical genius in these parts.' I took him to be about eighteen years of age, but young as he was, his mastery of the instrument, a poor old plantation fiddle, struck me as beyond anything I had then ever heard. Fond as the negroes are of dancing, they seemed to enjoy his playing even more. And after each dance, he must give them a tune or two for the sake of the music, to which they listened with a silence and attention seldom to be found in audiences of greater pretensions to refinement and musical culture. The well-known impressibility of the African race to the effects of music was here exhibited in a high degree; but, for that matter, the whites, who were there as spectators, were not unmoved. I should not like to risk in a romance a description of the power of music, as I saw it exerted that evening, upon those poor untutored beings. Old songs, Methodist camp-meeting tunes, negro ditties and simple plantation melodies were the groundwork of his music, but they became transmuted into sterling gold under his bow. It was a mystery to me how it could escape the notice of masters and overseers that in these simple forms the player was pouring out his whole soul, and discoursing of oppression and sorrow, of freedom and happiness, of affections crushed and hearts desolate, of longings infinite for home, family, and a recognition of the humanity inborn. Now his violin wailed in anguish, and then it would burst out into indignant tones, the Marseillaise of the slaves. Every change in the mood of the player was reflected in the faces of his auditors. Their dark faces were mirrors, which reflected each passing emotion as the stream of music went on. In one of his bursts of indignant—perhaps I may say, insurrectionary feeling, some of the young, strong and more untamed of the field hands began to breath hard; a fierce expression lit up their dark eyes, and a boding restlessness was observable.

"Quit that," said a harsh voice, 'and play something lively.'

"The current changed to a lively measure, and in a moment the floor was covered with dancers.

"Masoni, that evening has come back to memory as distinctly as if it was an event of yesterday. What became of that young man, of course I never knew—but"

I turned suddenly round, and saw Masoni sitting upright, his face deadly pale, and his eyes fixed upon mine with an expression—shall I say, of horror?—"this evening I have found him. You—"

"Are that slave!" he gasped, rather than said. "Brown, I am that slave," he continued, after a moment's struggle with himself, and bowing his head as if my knowledge of the fact had reduced him again in reality to that condition—"I am that slave. And it is the crushing consciousness that I am an American slave, the personal chattel of a man, liable to be caught, imprisoned, flogged, sold, any day, should I ever see home again, that is crushing out all the manhood within me. This damning consciousness is killing me. Since the death of Father Gutmann, this thought has been gaining ever increased power over me, and I now bear it about with me continually, an incubus weighing me down, ponderous as a world. When I made my unlucky appearance in Leipzig, I was full of hope and ambition, and went forward with all confidence; but as I raised my bow for the first touch, the sickening thought came over me,

like a sneer from a demon: 'Ho! ho! pretty well for a Virginia slave!' From that moment the thought has fastened itself upon me, and seldom, except with you, is its crushing weight lifted. There are those, who as soon as they are free become men! It elevates and ennobles them to breathe free air. My temperament is different. No woman can be more sensitive, and when in social circles I find myself honored and treated as I feel I do in fact deserve to be treated, my happiness is blasted by the grinning devil's: 'Oh ho! pretty well for a Virginia slave!' Christmas—and you now know why—is to me a period of strange sorrow, regret, indeed of an infinite conflict of emotions. This evening I forgot myself entirely. As I stood before the audience, I was again on the old plantation, the people lost their identity, and I was playing to the poor beings among whom I was born, and over whom I had so often exerted my power. But I say, Brown," said he suddenly, while a triumphant look gleamed from his eyes, "the Cremona has as much power as the old fiddle had, though!"

"Yes, Masoni, it was the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed—but that old plantation melody revealed you. Ever since I first saw you in Leipzig, as I was going to the Post-office, your face has been a mystery to me. But now, my good fellow, I know your secret; you will find it easier to bear, now that it is one no longer. You are no slave to me, and here is my hand in token of the sincerity of my heart, as I welcome you as an equal—musically a thousand times my superior—among 'free white folks.' Go home now and sleep, and come to-morrow and tell me your history."

With a look of gratitude and affection, Masoni left me.

[To be continued.]

**BOSTON MUSIC HALL.**—We copy the following just tribute to our noble hall from the *Daily Advertiser* of Dec. 28. It is plainly from the pen of one who can speak with authority in such matters.

Having but recently established a fixed residence in the city, I visited this hall, for the first time, on the occasion of the orchestral concert on Saturday evening last, partly with the view of noticing its adaptation to give a pleasant effect to vocal and instrumental sounds to all of a large audience. It is well known the edifice was carefully designed by some of our own liberal scientific gentlemen for this especial purpose. Other structures have had the same object in view. Among the best known are Exeter Hall, at London, the Grand Opera House in Paris, and the theatre of San Carlo, at Naples. All of these I have had the pleasure of testing, and it is a source of great satisfaction to observe the superiority of our own edifice. Detailed accounts of the principles of construction of the Music Hall have been published, but there is always a satisfaction in looking at a good thing and remembering when we are well off. The curved surfaces so commonly used in the larger audience rooms will always have the effect to throw the sound more about certain points; in one place you are deafened, and in another the sound appears half a mile off. In aristocratic countries, where only half the world are privileged to have the best, possibly they could find suitable places. But here, where the public respects itself, all provision must be as good as the best. The common ornaments, decorations and fittings, are another disadvantage. The sound seems to be absorbed and lost, like light upon a dull black, so that among the boxes, projections, recesses and drapery, you might imagine yourself looking through a telescope, where things appeared near but sounded distant. So apparent was this defect in the House of Lords, in the new Parliament House in London, that the noble occupants found themselves in a great degree of privacy from the galleries, and even from each other, on different parts of the same floor; their words seemed to be mysteriously snatched away out of their mouths and smothered in a faint echo. Punch, with his usual kindness, proffered a set of signs and motions, so that by means of violent gesticulation with hands, arms and umbrellas, the members might get through a tolerable speech, in spite of the impracticable nature of the magic apartment. I was pleased

to find all parts of the Music Hall so nearly alike. Distant or near, above or below, the beautiful performance, following now the rustling of the leaves, and the purring of the brooks, and now the grandeur of the thunder storm, was clear and distinct, and fully enjoyed. The chaste and classic exhibition, both vocal and instrumental, was of a high order, and deserves a longer notice, but I have only designed to call attention to the rational enjoyment and continued satisfaction which such a hall, and the art and taste naturally cherished by it, will, year by year, bestow upon us. J. S.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN'Y 1, 1856.—I have merely time to-day, to wish you, Mr. Editor, as well as the Journal, a very happy New Year, and to give you, in outline, my impressions of GOTTSCHALK, whom I heard for the first time last Thursday. His second Soirée was even more crowded than the first, and most of the audience seemed delighted with what they heard, and perhaps, too, with what they saw. It is indeed curious to see those hands thrown about so at random, and yet never once losing a note. As far as mechanism is concerned, I think I have never seen Mr. Gottschalk's superior, unless it was LISZT. Nor is it the pretty, flagree-work mechanism of HERZ and the like. There is foundation and character enough in Gottschalk's playing to make the true lover of music regret that these qualities are not applied to something higher than the music he gives us. I am always suspicious of the true artist spirit of a musician who brings before us none or hardly any but his own compositions. Now on Thursday night the only piece not by Gottschalk was WEBER's *Concert-stück*, to which HOFFMANN played the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano. Some Variations and a Finale of BEETHOVEN (from the "Kreutzer Sonata") which were at first on the programme, were omitted. Of the first pieces I liked best the *Ballade* and the *Marche de Nuit*, which were played with much expression. The "Banjo," which you know, I thought curious, not as a composition, but inasmuch as its notes sound for all the world like those of a Banjo, and totally unlike those of a piano. But is not this a desecration of the instrument? It really gave me pain to hear that beautiful Chickering "Grand" put to such a use.

The other numbers were the composer's "Italian Glories" and "Jerusalem Marche Triumphale," which struck me as very noisy, and abounding in difficulties. In the last piece, the latter, for ought I could see and hear, were conquered with no more ease by Gottschalk than by Hoffmann, who, even in the inferior part which he played on this evening, maintained his position as the true, earnest, unassuming artist. When I hear Gottschalk render works of the great standard composers as well and truthfully as he does his own, I shall begin to think him too a true artist. But the *Concert-stück* proved him still far from this point, for though its technical execution was wonderful, it was very much wanting in fire and inspiration.

I have heard that GOTTSCHALK, MASON and SATER will, before long, give us a joint concert; though nothing definite is known about it yet.

To-morrow night the MOLLENHAUERS take their leave of New York and America. I wish them a full house; but do not know whether I shall be able to hear them.

## Music Abroad.

London.

**MME. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT'S RE-APPEARANCE.**—The eagerness with which every movement of the great singer of our age is chronicled and read, is proof how deep and lasting is the impression of her Art. We can but follow suit, therefore, with all the newspapers, in copying the following notice from

the *Times*, of her performance in oratorio (after an absence of six years) in London on the 10th ult.

\* \* \* The professional life of Jenny Lind, up to this period, has been without exception the most extraordinary on record; and it is no little to say in her favor that the almost ridiculous fanaticism with which she has been idolized, the preposterous exaggeration that has been associated with her name, the manner in which the very nobility of her heart and the inborn generosity of her nature, have been made a traffic of by speculators for exclusively sordid purposes, have left her still an artist—a great artist in the simplest and truest acceptance of the term. Like the hero and heroine in Mozart's fantastic *Zauberflöte*, she has passed through the ordeal of fire and water, and come forth pure.

Last night the first of a series of concerts, undertaken by Mr. Mitchell, and musically directed by Mr. Benedicci, took place, when Haydn's oratorio of the 'Creation' was performed—the soprano music of the angel (Gabriel) and of the woman (Eve) being undertaken by Madame Jenny Goldschmidt-Lind. The hall was crammed to subvention by an assembly almost as fashionable as in the full blaze of the Italian Opera. The prices of admission were dear—although perhaps, considering how rare must be the opportunities now of hearing Madame Lind in London, not too dear. \* \* \*

Mme. Jenny Lind has already been heard in the 'Creation'; but as that otherwise comparatively feeble work (the smallest of those which, coming from a "classical" source, have been stamped and passed current as "great") contains some of the most effective, if not absolutely beautiful, airs, &c., for a soprano voice which the whole domain of sacred music can furnish, her choice can hardly be pronounced otherwise than discreet. Her singing, for the greater part—we may as well say, at once—was wonderfully fine, and no insignificant part of its attraction was traceable to its unadorned simplicity. In sacred music the most difficult thing to attain is this. To sing, as it were, with a reverence for the text—to make, without apparent effort, the signification of the words more clear and emphatic through the medium of their musical expression—to forget, in short, mere artistic acquirement in rendering art subservient to a higher purpose than display—should be the aim of every singer who wishes to excel in sacred music. This entire command of mechanical powers, this oblivion of the artist's self in the task set down, this art of concealing art where its egotistical exhibition would, to a pure and candid mind, be irrelevant, is a gift so rare that we can scarcely remember to have noted it in more than one or two. But Mme. Jenny Lind possesses it in a remarkable degree, and seems so well to understand its value that she never, in a single instance, fails to follow it as a guiding rule. Hence, among other less eminent qualities, her excellence as a performer in sacred oratorio.

The great recitative and air, "With verdure clad," showed at once that Mme. Lind's voice was what we remember it—the upper notes bright, liquid and powerful; the middle forcing their way (like Mario's) through what musicians metaphorically term a "veil," which cannot hide their beauty; the lower somewhat weak and toneless. It was changed neither for better nor for worse, but exercises its ancient fascination to the full. In her vocal execution (we have said enough to suggest that we consider her style and expression irreproachable.) Mme. Lind exhibits the same manifold excellencies and the same one defect—if a certain heaviness in the delivery of florid divisions, which is peculiarly German, may be strictly called a defect. Her intonation last night was for the most part exquisitely true; but we have heard it, on other occasions, more invariably faultless. One objection alone, however, can fairly be made, by the most uncompromising connoisseur, to her generally splendid, and indeed unrivalled, singing of "With verdure clad;" and this has reference to the passage where the voice part leads, through a scale, from G up to B flat. That this B flat, when (as in the case of Mme. Lind) it is a rich and powerful note, should also be a *pet-note* may be readily understood; but Haydn has not indicated, in the course of the three times of its recurrence, that a pause should be made upon it. We are almost inclined to admit that this is hypercriticism; but the fact is, without being a little hypercritical, it is rather difficult to criticize Mme. Lind at all in sacred music.

In the trio and chorus, Part II. ("The Lord is great"), the voice of the Swedish soprano, by its clearness and resonance in the higher notes, gave an importance to the principal solo that conducted greatly to its effect. The recitative and air, "On mighty pens," was a very fine performance, but, at the same time, so staid and sober that it almost appeared as though Mme. Lind was of opinion (and, if so, we share her opinion) that such a quaint bravura, full of shakes and triplets, was scarcely the fittest musical expression for that part of the text which refers to the creation of birds. A very happy change was made in this, upon the words "to the blazing sun"—where the singer introduced one of her favorite high notes (in place of Haydn's somewhat tame passage) with consummate effect. In the third part Mme. Lind was beyond criticism. The duet for Adam and Eve, "Graceful consort," was quite perfection. The audience were raised to enthusiasm, and the applause was so genuine, hearty, and unanimous, that it was cheering to listen to.

Paris.

[From Correspondence of London Musical World.]

The season of 1855 has been fatal to every kind of concert, vocal or instrumental. It was ended as it began.



On Sunday last a monster concert was advertised "par ordre," at the Palace of Industry. Enormous placards, some four yards square, were posted in every direction, and announced the tidings to the Parisian world. Upwards of 4,500 singers were to take part in this musical fête, and to march, banner in front, to the Industrial Palace. The following societies were furnished by the capital: *L'Orphéon*, of Paris, *Les Enfants*, of *La Parisienne*, *Les Enfants* of the Seine, *La Chorale* de *L'Océan*, *Les Enfants* de *Choisy-le-Roi*, *L'Orphéon* of Nogent, *Les Tyroliens*, *Les Enfants* de *Galua* (Chapelle-Saint-Denis), *L'Orphéon* de *Vaugirard*, and *L'Orphéon* de *Vanves*. From the provinces came the choral societies of Strasbourg, Lille, and many others. Finally, from Belgium came the *Les Echos d'Outre-Meuse*, *Les Amis Réunis*, of Liège; *La Société d'Orphée*, *La Société Lyrique*, and *L'Harmonie*, from Mons; *La Société des Etudiants*, and *La Société d'Orphée*, of Ghent, &c. &c.

M. Berlioz was dethroned to make way for M.M. Gounod and Delaporte, as joint conductors, and four military bands, supplied with all M. Sax's latest and most formidable inventions in the way of brass instruments, were destined to accompany this truly monster chorus. The following was the programme:—

God save the Queen.  
Chorus: "Saint Hubert," ..... Laurent de Rillé.  
Chorus: "La Muette," ..... Auber.  
Le vin des Gaulois, ..... Gounod.  
Aux armées, ..... Clapisson.  
La Retraite, ..... Laurent de Rillé.  
O Salutaris, ..... Dugué.  
Vive l'Empereur, ..... Gounod.

This programme formed a marked contrast with that put forth by M. Berlioz: and M.M. Gounod, Clapisson, and Laurent de Rillé made but sorry substitutes for Beethoven, Mozart, and Rossini. The tickets were seven francs each, and the concert was announced for half-past one.

About one o'clock the public began to arrive, and at the hour appointed, half past one—the audience numbered some 10 or 12,000. The day was foggy, raw, and bitterly cold: the building comfortable, and the thermometer inside very little above freezing point. It was announced that the King of Sardinia, in company with the Emperor and Prince Napoleon, would honor the concert with his presence, but unfortunately his Sardinian Majesty had chosen the same day for the reception of the *corps diplomatique*. Whether it was that the diplomatists were more than usually prosy, or that the King dreaded the effect of M. Clapisson's music, the result was most unpleasant for the public. Two o'clock sounded and no royal or imperial majesties appeared. *Point de roi, point de concert*, seemed M. Gounod's idea, for he gave no sign of commencing.—The "audience"—*quasi lucus a non lucendo*—having nothing whereto to listen, began making noises on their own account, more significant than pleasant. At length M. Gounod favored them with his own cantata, "Vive l'Empereur." Its effect was extraordinary, and for nearly an hour no further sound was heard from the audience, who evidently dreaded lest the conductor should accept it as a signal, and favor them with a repetition of what they had just endured. Three o'clock came, and still the concert was uncommenced. A few minutes afterwards, however, the imperial party arrived, and took their seats while "Vive l'Empereur" was repeated. They seemed to feel the icy cold of the interior, and shortly after their arrival the Emperor whispered to the King, who immediately put on his hat, as did also the Prince Napoleon. The concert began, and proved a most entire failure. Auber's lovely chorus met with an encore, and was the only thing that in any degree thawed the ice of the audience. The imperial party left at four, and choristers, bands, and public soon afterwards dispersed.

The *Trocatore* has been given at the Italiens with great and well-deserved success. Mario was the *Trocatore*, and on the first night of his performance many of the audience seemed disappointed that he would not strain his voice like Baccardé, and compete with the anvils, bells, &c., which play so prominent a part in the opera. His success was therefore somewhat undecided. On further reflection, however, the public evidently concluded that he was in the right, and that such a lovely and cultivated organ as he possesses, wherewith to interpret the music of Mozart, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, should not be sacrificed at that shrine which has (according to Madame Jenny Lind) been the ruin of half the voices of Young Italy. On the second night he achieved an undeniable triumph, and was recalled after the "Miserere," and twice at the conclusion of the opera. Madame Borghi-Mamo confirmed and strengthened the favorable impression caused by her performance of Azucena last year. Her singing was admirable, particularly in the recitative of the second act; and in the prison scene she met with loud and well-earned applause. Madame Penco—for whom the part of Leonora was originally written—was effective, and Signor Graziani displayed his fine voice to advantage, though he is getting too much into the habit of singing loud.

Roger is engaged for a term of four years at the Opera. This engagement is most satisfactory, for Roger is unquestionably the only good tenor at present on the French stage. He has accepted the principal part in Signor Billella's new opera, *La Rose de Florence*, which is now in rehearsal.

I fear that next month will be the last that Mlle. Cruvelli will remain on the stage. Nothing can exceed the liberal offers made by M. Crosnier, and every inducement is held out in the hope of retaining so rare a *prima donna*.

BERLIN.—At the Royal Opera House, Herr Dorn's opera, *Die Nibelungen* has been revived, with Mlle. Johanna Wagner as Brunhilde, her original part. Great activity still prevails in the world of concerts. At the last one given by Herr Joachim and Mme. Clara Schumann, the programme was particularly attractive, containing specimens of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, most admirably interpreted by Herr Joachim. Mme. Clara Schumann performed Beethoven's Sonata, "Les Adieux," *l'Absence, et le Retour*, the Scherzo Capriccio in F, by Mendelssohn, and a *Jagd und Schlummerlied*, by Schumann. Mme. Mecklenburg diversified the purely instrumental character of the concert, by singing the first air from *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The second *Quartet-Ver-sammlung* of Herren Zimmermann, Rönneburger, &c., took place in the Cecilia Hall at the Singacademie. Among other pieces, the programme included Beethoven's quartet in B major (Op. 127), Haydn's in E (Cah. 12, No. 3), and a fragment consisting of a Scherzo and Andante from Mendelssohn's posthumous works. Herr Wendt's new quartet was successfully repeated at the last Quartet-Scène of Herren Oertling, Relbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach. At the second of a course of lectures he is now delivering, Professor A. B. Marx gave a comprehensive and interesting sketch of the musical instruments of the Chinese and Indians, with practical illustrations. Dr. Franz Liszt is announced to appear on the 5th inst., at a concert of the Orchester-Verein. He was received at the railway station by the committee, consisting of Herren Marx, Dorn, Stern, von Bülow, Grell, Laub and Rock. It is proposed to invite him to a grand supper before his departure. Herr Joseph Wieniowski is stopping here for a few days.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 5, 1856.

### CONCERTS.

THE GERMAN TRIO.—Under this collective title Messrs. GARTNER, HAUSE and JUNGNIKE, gave the first of six subscription concerts in the Chickering saloon, last Saturday evening, and performed the programme published in our last. The night was stormy and the audience small. The best thing of the evening and the most agreeable to most was the first piece, the Quartet in B flat by HAYDN. The sunny cheer, the playfulness, the elegance and delicate finesse of the first and last movements and the Minuetto, belonged unmistakably to childlike "father Haydn." The Adagio, a smooth, melodious, pensive, sentimental composition, seems for a long space made up of melodic turns and phrases out of the "Creation," but develops at last into something fresher and more essentially quartet-like, more in the genius of pure instrumental music. The execution (by Messrs. GARTNER, SCHULTZE, EICHLER and JUNGNIKE) had many merits; it was one of the delicate, *pianissimo* intentions indeed were finely realized; but some of the strong parts were overdone; the contrasts were exaggerated; the first violin, so capable in passages of really exquisite rendering, indulging at times in altogether a too head-long sort of energy, as if not remembering that violence is sometimes the opposite of power. Such excess works double harm; it makes the tender and subdued parts appear sentimental and excessive also in their way. We simply point out a tendency, which is only to be controlled to ensure remarkably good quartet-playing.

Naturally the audience awaited with some curiosity what might develop out of the next announcement: "Song . . . Amateurs." It came in the singular number, in the shape of a blonde maiden, whose rich contralto voice and modest, truthful manner, have added a pleasant feature to several concerts in the remembrance of our readers: namely, Miss TWICHELL, who sang on this occasion a German song (to English words), which might have been by ANT or some com-

poser of that ilk, a long-flowing, serious, somewhat sentimental melody, quite pleasing of its kind, with accompaniment in continuous triplets played by Mr. HAUSE, a little too loudly perhaps, but gracefully and neatly. The song was much applauded. For the more florid Italian passages of her second piece: *Deh non voler*, from "Anna Bolena," the voice of Miss "Amateurs" was not so well suited; her tones, so rich and full and honest when once out, do not come out with sufficient ease and freedom, do not extricate themselves readily enough from a certain filmy obstruction, for such fluid melody.

Each song preceded a "Grand Duo" instrumental. The first, for piano and violin, on themes from LAFONT, amplified to the large and dazzling proportions of modern virtuoso pianism by LISZT, made a brilliant show-piece for Messrs. HAUSE and GARTNER. The former gentleman displayed an astonishing strength and flexibility of finger and achieved the most difficult passages of all kinds with triumphant ease, and with considerably more regard to light and shade than we have noticed in his performance in past years. In execution he has surely had few equals here. In the other Duo, for violin and violoncello, the work of VIEUXTEMPS and SERVAIS, we could find nothing but the most noisy, senseless and cacophonous extravaganza upon themes from *Les Huguenots*. Fantastic were too good a term for anything so unilluminated by a spark of fancy. It was more suggestive of the incoherent ravings of far-gone, stupid, boisterous orgies. How Vieuxtemps could have written such an affair, we wonder. It might have been extemporized, in the manner of a *quodlibet*, by two clever instrumentists towards the end of long and mad carousals, after all the champagne life had effervesced. In such an extravagant composition it would perhaps have been unreasonable to expect that strings, scraped and lashed to madness, would keep always in tune and not scream in their agony.

This concert gave us another opportunity to hear the Trio by BRAHMS, played for the first time here last week in WILLIAM MASON's concert. That we were somewhat more interested in following its ideas, or strivings for ideas, we freely own. Of its general character, however, we found our impression unchanged. That it shows rare power for a youth of fifteen, who could doubt? Whether that power amounts to genius, contains the germ of future greatness, is a problem we had rather leave to time. We thought the Trio well performed by all the instruments.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The "Messiah" was repeated, under favor of another splendid winter Sunday evening, to almost another overflowing audience, (making the fifth performance of that oratorio—by all three societies—during the last month.) We too, under favor of a better seat, enjoyed it much more than before. Some of the choruses may not have been in all particulars mechanically as clean and accurate as we have sometimes heard them, yet they were all sung with spirit, and some of them admirably well. At all events we felt the noble music; the oratorio as a whole wrought its effect on us, and we doubt not on many a listener. Were we to notice any chief defect, it would be the want of a better balance in the four parts. That glorious mass of bass, naturally composed of the more per-

manent and thoroughly inducted members, is much more than a match for the moderate supply of contraltis—better in quality than quantity—and not insignificant at that when they lead off alone;—still more so for those thin and shrill sopranos, which with all their numbers often emit what seems but the sound of a dozen voices. When will real love of music, true refinement, so far prevail over fashion in this land of freedom, that ladies of the highest culture shall take part, as they do in Germany, in great choral rehearsals and performances, and social and domestic advancement shall no longer rob the choirs of their best female voices just as they begin to be of real service?

With every hearing we are more pleased with Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS's rendering of these sacred songs. A slight cold perhaps accounted for some feebleness of voice in the beginning of *O thou that tellest*; but the intrinsic, solid richness of the voice soon got the better of it, and style and feeling did the rest. In such an air as *He shall feed his flock*, you rest upon the satisfying comfort of such warm, large tones. What a contrast with the fine, silvery, childlike soprano of Mrs. WENTWORTH, who continued (in a higher key) the melody: *Come unto Him*, with all that sweetness and conscientious finish of expression, which one expects of her as a matter of course. In *He was despised*, Miss Phillips was even better than before; if there was any defect at all, it was simply technical, in the matter of breath or so, which one could scarcely think of in so large and pure and heart-felt an utterance of that most pathetic music. In the great song of faith: *I know that my Redeemer*, very few singers, (though it is properly a soprano song) have ever given us so much real satisfaction. This time it was all true in intonation, while in feeling, in devotedness and nobility of style it was a new revelation of the singer's soul. No one could but listen with deep interest and respect; no one could but feel the music.

Mrs. LEACH's voice, though sweet and flute-like for the most part, has hardly character enough for: *There were shepherds*, for *Rejoice greatly*, &c., and moreover, in the effort apparently to do greater things than lay easily within its sphere, was often just a disagreeable shade or two aside from the true pitch. Mr. LEACH gave the bass songs with his usual good taste and judgment. On Mr. MILLARD's rendering of the tenor solos we make no comment, more because we have nothing to add to or taken from the credit which we gave him last time, than in compliance with the following strange request, which cannot, in the nature of the case, with due regard to our own duties and our readers' rights, be granted.

Mr. J. S. DWIGHT, *Ed. Journal of Music*.

Dear Sir:—I would esteem it a particular favor, if in your notices of musical performances, where I may take part, you would omit altogether my name and all comments upon my performance.

With great respect, I am yours truly,  
HARRISON MILLARD.

Boston, Dec. 29, 1855.—No. 6 Tyler St.

Further comment upon that performance is, we trust, unnecessary.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—The fourth chamber concert, Thursday evening, was particularly enjoyable, both as regards selections and performance. We scarcely remember when, throughout an evening, the Club have played so well. The programme follows:

#### PART I.

1. Sixth Quintet, in A, op. 108, Clarinet Principale,.... Mozart.
2. Piano Quartet, in B flat, op. 13, (first time),... C. C. Perkins.  
Messrs. PERKINS, A. & W. FRIES, KREBS.

#### PART II.

3. Andante and Scherzo from the 34th Quintet, in E, op. 82,..... Onslow.
4. La Romanesca: Solo for Violoncello, on a Dance Air of the 16th century..... Servais.  
WULF FRIES.
5. Posthumous Quartet, in D minor,..... Schubert.

Here is both old and new, yet all as good as new to any American audience, all choice and worthy of a place by right either of well-established mastery and genius, or of interesting promise, or of graceful alternation and relief. Of the Quintet with Clarinet, we can say no less than that in all its movements the composition is perfectly lovely, one of those pure, felicitous creations, that sprang from the imaginative brain of MOZART whole. The clarinet has character enough to take its place and even preside in the quartet of strings, at all events when such a master finds it in his thought to blend such elements. And beautifully, with a rich, mellow and expressive tone did Mr. RYAN play it.—To three movements at least of Mr. PERKINS's new piano Quartet we listened with great interest. It is said that nothing is so difficult in this kind of composition as to write a good finale,—one into which the vital impulse of the whole work shall naturally prolong itself and there gracefully conclude and justify the whole. Even Beethoven's finales have by some been complained of as containing too much, being too long, opening new worlds beyond the world they should round off, &c. Naturally then, young composers strive for grand conclusions, painfully elaborating a suggestion that will yield no more, or laying out more form without wherewith to fill it save by thankless make-shift. It was in the finale this time that we found our attention flagging, the magnet having lost its hold upon whatever it was in us. Perhaps it was our fault. But the Allegro opened with interesting, well-developed themes, in the working up of which after the repeat, however, we once or twice felt lost. The Scherzando and the Andante had a great deal of beauty, in their several ways; the former very rapid, light, graceful, the latter having considerable richness of harmony and tenderness of sentiment. As a whole this Quartet seemed to us really in advance of its author's previous efforts. His own execution of the piano part—by no means an easy one—suffered only from the natural nervousness of one placing himself in so strong a light.

The two movements by ONSLOW impressed us more than almost anything we ever heard by that eminently classical, elegant, but not decidedly original composer; especially the Andante, which is large and grandiose. What an industrious writer was Onslow! His *thirty-fourth* Quintet! This was making up for beginning the musical career so late as he did in life. The violoncello solo, a quaint, naive and graceful dance—one of the wildflowers of melody from a past age,—was exquisitely played by WULF FRIES. But the glory of the programme was that SCHUBERT Quartet again. It was more perfectly played and more fully appreciated this time. Each successive movement seemed more interesting than the last; each a fresh yield of spontaneous inspiration, and vitally a member of the whole, as much as any scene or character in a Shakespearian drama. The Andante, with its march-

like theme, so solemn, wild and thrilling, and its wondrous variations, was long and eagerly applauded. Our memory was at fault last time (writing so long after, and having heard so many things) when we spoke of the Scherzo as "fairy-like;" it is anything but that; an exulting, fiery war dance, rather;—heroic, fearless; the intoxication of a noble purpose uniting many hearts and hands; with a dash of tenderness and sadness in the Trio, as of leave-taking. The Finale Presto is most exciting and imaginative. What composer, unless it be BEETHOVEN, becomes so prophet-like possessed with each happy theme or musical idea, and loves to repeat it over and over, and let it ring through the day's life, as it were, seeming newer and more significant at each recurrence, as FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Next time the Quintette Club resume their regular Tuesday evening; namely on the 15th.

THEODORE GOUVY, the author of the Symphony to be performed at the Orchestral Concert this evening, is a young French composer of much promise. Educated at the Conservatoire in Paris, he afterwards continued his studies in Germany, and on two subsequent visits, has had the honor of having this Symphony, and a later one, performed with much applause at the Gewandhaus, in Leipzig;—an honor rarely accorded to young composers of any nation. Having been present in 1853 at the performance of his Third Symphony, I remember the great pleasure evinced by the audience at the charming themes, well developed phrases, and clearness of thought, in idea and orchestration, displayed by the composer, who himself directed its performance. Gouvy's compositions consist of three or four Symphonies, Sonata and three Serenades for piano, a Trio for piano, violin and cello, &c. &c.

#### BRAHMS, THE YOUNG COMPOSER.

MR. EDITOR:—Your notice of the Piano-Forte Trio by BRAHMS (in last Saturday's paper) ends thus: "Brahms is still 'future' to our humble comprehension." I heard this composition at the Soirée of the "German Trio," and make bold to say that to my humble comprehension that "future" promises another BEETHOVEN. "Abrupt starts" (as you justly say) there were, coming from a boy of fifteen, but what a rich vein, yet hidden, is perceptible in these starts!

WM. KEYZER.

#### Something for Chorus Singers.

MR. DWIGHT:—It is often supposed that Music with its beautiful melodies, its sense and soul-delighting harmonies, tends to make exquisite the nature of them who practise it; and there is plenty of poetical prose relating to its salutary influence in the family and in the day school, to make the unruly disposition docile, and the snarlish temper peaceable; gradually refine the temperament and almost bring heaven down to earth, and the nature of angels along with their songs.

This theory is charming; perhaps, after all, it is true; but "facts are stubborn things," when they resist theories, and it is too bad, that now they oppose our poetical philosophy, about the genial aid of Music as an educator.

The distant spectator, as enchanted he sits, it may be in the balcony, opposite a chorus of two hundred and fifty voices, and hears them echoing each other's praises of the "Wonderful," "Counsellor," the "Lord of Hosts," and again responding "Hallelujah," is moved unless he is "fit for treasons," and enthusiastically supposes that these are a company of fine-souled singers, or else a chorus of spirits, with half a dozen higher seraphs interspersing solos



"Distance lends enchantment." If the spectator would change his seat and be himself a participant, and in the midst of them who sing the "Messiah," he would also hear a low discord of sound and silliness. There was something in your last week's Journal about the disagreeable inconsistency of them who go to a place for the purpose of spending two hours in listening, then change their mind, and devote the time to conversation. That is surprising, but less so, than that the very ones who associate weekly in improving rehearsals, who are probably in other ways, and in general habit, more or less musical; that their natures are still insensible to the beauty of a solo or a symphony, is "passing strange." Indian savages would be still to hear that German orchestra play the "Pastoral Symphony;" and less acute than the ear of barbarians is the hearing of those choir singers who can whisper long sentences while Mrs. WENTWORTH sweetly sings of "Him who was meek and lowly in heart," and ADELAIDE PHILLIPS sadly utters: "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Aside from all musical love and high feeling, are not these whispering singers thoughtless at least, if not ungenerous?

Being a stranger in the city of Oratorios, and not entirely familiar with arrangements, and ways, and reasons for doing things, we are not positive about the design, but infer that the organ in playing the Opening is intended merely as a great bell; for its deep strains can effect no other purpose upon the hundreds who are at the same time in the flurry of issuing from ante-rooms, mounting the stage and getting seated. Please state whether it is or is not intended to be a part of the evening's entertainment.

With the faint hope that "There's a good time coming," when human spirits and circumstances will be in tune as well as human voices,

I am afflictedly yours in the cause of general harmony,  
B.

JAN'Y 1, 1856.

## Musical Chat.

The fourth ORCHESTRAL CONCERT takes place to-night; the programme is not quite so rich with great names as those that have preceded, and therefore possibly it may be regarded as more "light" by some and so attract a larger audience. Yet it will not be without its features of peculiar interest. The Symphony is by a new name, which may win over some objectors—certainly, to judge from the rehearsals, a very pleasing, clear, euphonious work, if not a great one—composed by GOUVY, of whom a friend helps us to some knowledge in another column. BEETHOVEN's airy Allegretto and the *Semiramide* overture never fail to charm, and there be those in plenty, we doubt not, who will not find a reminiscence of Italian opera and Edgardo's sorrows strangely misplaced amid symphonies and without voices. Of violin solos who, save Beethoven and Mendelssohn, in their one or two, has written finer ones than Spohr! Then there is the attraction of ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, who will sing that air of GLUCK, which made so great an impression at one of her own concerts. The fuller the house this time the greater the chance of fine programmes in the concerts yet to come. Those who love the best of Chamber Music will not miss OTTO DRESEL's first Soirée at Chickering's next Wednesday evening. His selection will be very choice, including for solids a Concerto of Bach for three pianos (not the same played two years since) and Schumann's Quintet with piano (the Mendelssohn Quintette Club aiding); for lighter music-poetic fancies, some of those piano solos by Chopin, Mozart, &c., which no one renders so poetically as Mr. Dresel; and for vocal, a quaint and joyous old song, with violoncello accompaniment, by Bach, and other good things, sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH.

The second Concert of Mr. & Mrs. GARRETT, at South Boston next Tuesday evening, offers good attractions both of programme and performers. The Serenade Band, led by SCHULTZE, will play an overture, the "Wedding March," &c.; there will be instrumental solos, songs, quartets, from Mendelssohn, Donizetti, Verdi, Kücken, Rossini, &c. &c., performed by the Concert-givers, Miss TWICHELL, Miss HOLIS, Mr. FRANK HOWARD, Messrs. SCHULTZE and HEINICKE—quite above the average of such miscellanies. . . . THE MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY have taken a new hall in the Mercantile Library

building (new block in Summer st.) for the Monday evening rehearsals. The Society propose soon to give several performances of "Jephtha" in the Music Hall on week-day evenings. Difference on the Sunday evening concert question has, we hear, defeated certain plans of fusion between this and the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY. The latter are still rehearsing "St. Paul," which we hope the public will soon have (earn) a chance to hear.

The long-anticipated BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL, in connection with the inauguration of Crawford's Statue in the Music Hall, will probably form the grand finale to the series of Orchestral Concerts. Whether it will make the sixth of the regular series, or form a seventh extra concert, will depend very much on the public support given to the next two concerts. . . . The 27th of this month is the anniversary of MOZART's birth-day, which will be musically celebrated in various parts of Germany, also in Philadelphia, and why not in Boston? It falls on Sunday. We suggest to our brother Directors of the Orchestral Concerts that the sixth be anticipated a few days, bringing it upon Saturday, the 26th, and that it be made a MOZART night, with "Jupiter" Symphony, Overtures, Concerto, selections from his Operas, &c., all which might be quite well done, without long practice, the best things being already so familiar. After that, take time for BEETHOVEN.

"Spiridion," the sprightly correspondent of the Boston Atlas, says in his last letter:

M. Eugene Guinot gives a story about Mme. JENNY LIND, in his Sunday's gossip, which is laughable, but which I suspect he owes rather to his imagination than his memory. It is as follows: "We have heard a good joke about the songstress' journey. It is laid at Calais—at Boulogne, if another version may be credited—it is indifferent whether it was at Calais or Boulogne, Havre or Dieppe. Jenny Lind quitted Paris by railway, and reaching the port where the steamboat lay she remained all night to repose from the fatigues of travelling. Great artists are careful of themselves. So she reckoned on sleeping soundly, and determined to cross the channel the next morning. At Calais—or Boulogne—her arrival made some stir. That city contains eminent amateurs and dilettanti, who would be delighted to hear the Swedish nightingale, but Philomel is mute in the provinces, as well as in Paris; Jenny Lind has banned and barred all of France. Poor France!

Some of the provincial dilettanti boast of being astute and intrepid. Should they cross the channel to hear the songstress at London? What would be the advantage of possessing audacity and talents, if they were reduced merely to this excursion, in the reach of anybody who has some louis d'or and some hours to expend. It would be admirable to hear Jenny Lind without paying any money away, and without quitting the town; it would be to make her break the obstinate resolution she has formed of never singing in France. What a triumph and what an honor, if anybody should succeed in such an undertaking! But how could success be hoped? The songstress was scarcely installed in the suite of rooms prepared for her, when these gentlemen appeared. They forced the orders which had interdicted the door to all visitors; they entered as possessing authority. Their severe attire, their magistrate's air, their coldly imperious manners, announced them as persons charged with a grave mission. One of them spoke to the songstress, whom he addressed without saluting her, saying in a dry, abrupt tone, "Give me your passport, Madam." Jenny Lind, astonished, but faithful to her resolution of silence in France, gave up her passport without proffering a word. The gentleman read and examined it with an attention which denoted the profoundest distrust; then he added, with a rudeness mixed with irony, "Oh, we know you have neglected no precaution, and that you travel under an assumed name!"

"For whom do you take me, pray?" asked Jenny Lind, obliged to speak. "Don't hope to deceive us. You will see we are well informed. An intriguante of the most dangerous species has been staying in Paris for some time past, where she made numerous dupes, and after having secured a good deal of money, she is now attempting to reach England." "And do you suppose, perchance?" "That you are the woman, yes Madam; your face, your person suit with the description we have received. Our information is most exact."

The songstress exclaimed, became indignant, protested that she was Jenny Lind. Her earnest denials made no impression on an ironical incredulity. The spokesman of the party asked if she had any friend who would be the security of her identity, if she possessed no means of proving her right to the

name she claimed. Jenny Lind knew nobody. "Then, Madam, we must take you temporarily into custody." At these words the protestations of the great artist became more animated than ever; she was interrupted in them by the following proposition:

"Now, Madam, you may very easily convince us. You pretend to be Jenny Lind, eh? If you speak truly, you have no need of surety, nor of testimony; you have in your own power the striking proof of your identity. Nothing is easier for you than to prove that you are indeed a great artist, possessor of incomparable talents and an admirable voice. I know enough about music to judge of that. Then exhibit to us your proof." There was no answer to avoid the force of this appeal, and the songstress placed in a dilemma, hesitated which way of escape to adopt. "Ah! I was sure of it," added the author of the proposition; "you are confounded. Abandon that disguise, which betrays you, and profane no longer an illustrious name!" "It is mine, sir!" "Enough! enough! Madam, your affirmations are denied by the impossibility you find yourself in, of proving what we ask you to demonstrate. To gaol, Madam, to gaol!" "Well!" said the songstress, conquered and resigned, "if it must be done, listen and judge!"

Then, after a moment's silence, that her vexation might be silenced, she sang the cavatina of Norma. That pure, powerful, melodious voice lavished all its wealth. The three gentlemen were delighted beyond expression. Their manner made Jenny Lind detect the trap into which she had fallen. The gentlemen avowed their guilt, and implored her pardon with so much grace and eloquence—adding, "if you will pardon us, our benevolence shall make the poor bless your name"—Jenny Lind was touched. She pardoned their impertinence.

## Advertisements.

### ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

#### THE FOURTH

OF THE SUBSCRIPTION SERIES OF SIX

### GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

Will be given at the

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On Saturday Evening, Jan. 5th, 1856,

With the assistance of

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Vocalist, and  
Mr. CARL GARTNER, Violinist.

Conductor. . . . . CARL ZERRAHN.

#### PROGRAMME.

##### Part I.

1. Symphony, No. 2, in F, . . . . . Th. Gouvy.
2. Aria from *Orfeo*: "Che farò senza Euridice?" . . . . . Gluck.  
Sung by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.
3. Allegretto from Eighth Symphony, . . . . . Beethoven.

##### Part II.

1. Overture to *Semiramide*, . . . . . Rossini.
2. Cavatina: "O mio Fernando," from *La Favorita*, Donizetti.  
Sung by Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.
3. Violin Concerto, No. 8, (In modo di Scena Cantante,) op. 47, . . . . . L. Spohr.  
Played by CARL GARTNER.
4. Finale from 2d act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, (for Orchestra,) . . . . . Donizetti.

Tickets Fifty Cents each, to be obtained at the usual places. Also, in sets of six, good for any of the remaining concerts, at \$2.50 per set.

Doors open at 6½. Commence at 7¼ o'clock.

### HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will be held at the Revere House, on Monday evening, January 14th, 1856. Business meeting at 7 o'clock. Supper will be served at 9. HENRY WARE, Sec'y.

### VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

Mr. & Mrs. GARRETT'S Second Concert of the series of Three, will take place at Lyceum Hall, South Boston, on Tuesday Evening, Jan. 8th, 1856, on which occasion they will be assisted by the GERMANIA SERENADE BAND, Miss JENNY TWICHELL, Miss HELEN HOLIS, Mr. WM. H. SCHULTZE, and Mr. FRANK HOWARD.  
Package of Three tickets, \$1. Single tickets 50 cts. Omnibuses pass the hall every five minutes, and will be at the door after the performance.

### OTTO DRESEL'S SOIRÉES.

THE First Musical Soirée will take place on Wednesday Evening, the 9th of January, at the Messrs. Chickering's Saloon. Mr. Dresel will be assisted by Mrs. WENTWORTH, the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, and other artists. The programme will include a Concerto by Bach for three pianos, (first time,) SCHUMANN's Quintet (with piano), piano solos, songs, &c.

Subscription tickets for the series of Four Soirées, \$3. Single tickets \$1, at the music stores and at the door.

## ANTHEMS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

### Novello's Cheap MUSIC,

(Imported from England)

# 389, Broadway, N.Y.

#### ANTHEMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

HOPKINS E. J. LET US NOW GO EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM, S. A. T. B., 19 cts. Single Vocal parts, 13 cts. Class copy, 3 cts.

CROCE. BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS, S. A. T. B., 19 cts.

GREENE. BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS, for Two Trebles or Tenors, with Chorus for Four Voices, 38 cts. Separate Vocal Parts, 22 cts.

HANDEL. FOR BEHOLD DARKNESS. Recit. | 13 cts. The people that walked in darkness. Air n. | 31 cts. Sep. Voc. parts, 25 cts. Behold, a Virgin shall conceive; and O! thou that tellest. Alto, Solo, and Chorus, 31 cts. Ditto, 8vo., 6 cts. Separate Vocal parts, 25 cts.

JACKSON. (Masham.) SHORT AND EASY ANTHEMS, suitable for Country Choirs: Sing, O heavens! (4 voices,) 25 cts. Sep. Vocal parts, 13 cts. O Zion! that bringest good tidings, (4 voices,) 63 cts. O! come hither and behold, (4 voices,) 63 cts.

NOVELLO. SING UNTO THE LORD. Short Anthem for S. A. T. B., with a Verse for Four Trebles, 19 cts. Small class copy, in score, 3 cts. Separate Vocal parts, 16 cts.

PURCELL. BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS. In Full score. Verse, A. T. B., 69 cts. Separate Chorus parts, 13 cts. Behold, I bring you glad tidings (abridged from the above), from Boyce's Cathedral Music. Verse, A. T. B., 25 cts. Separate Vocal parts, 22 cts.

VITTORIA. BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS, S. A. T. B., Folio size, 19 cts. Class copy, in score, 3 cts.

#### Carols for Christmas-tide.

Set to Ancient Melodies, by the Rev. THOMAS HELMORE, M. A. Words, principally in imitation of the original, by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M. A.

18mo size,	13
post-free,	15
in packets of 50,	5 00
bound in scarlet cloth,	25
compressed four vocal parts,	25

These Carols may be sung by a solo voice, with accompaniment for the Piano and Organ, in which form they are printed in Music Folio. *Ad libitum* Vocal Parts for Alto, Tenor, and Bass, have been added, in order that, when these voices are present, the harmony may be rendered complete without an instrument. The Volume, folio music size, \$1.13.

J. A. NOVELLO,

Sacred Music Store, 389 Broadway, New York, And at 69 Dean street, Soho Square, and 24 Poultry, London.

JOE PRINTING neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

#### OTTO DRESEL

Gives Instruction on the PIANO, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange. Terms, \$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

#### SCHARFENBERG & LUIS,

### IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,

HAVE REMOVED TO

No. 769 BROADWAY, corner of Ninth St.  
NEW YORK.

#### J. M. MOZART,

### BASSO.

RESIDENCE, 18 MARION STREET, BOSTON.  
Address Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington St.

#### Brass Band Music on Cards.—New Pieces.

THIS day published, the following of "Ditson's Select Band Music," printed on cards. Price \$1 per set.  
No. 11, Gipsy Polka: No. 13, Sontag Polka: No. 21, Roy's Wife, My Lodging is on the Cold ground, and Annie Laurie: No. 27, Love Not Quickstep: No. 34, Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep.

Published by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

#### CHICKERING & SONS,

### MANUFACTURERS OF

## PATENT ACTION

## GRAND AND SQUARE

## PIANO-FORTES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WAREROOMS,  
MASONIC TEMPLE,  
TREMONT STREET,  
BOSTON.

Apr 29

EDWARD L. BALCH,

#### CHURCH ORGANS.

### COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

WM. B. D. SIMMONS, Organ Builder,  
(Heretofore doing business in the style of Wm. B. D. SIMMONS & Co.) and

GEORGE FISHER,

Of Cambridge, have this day formed a Copartnership for continuing the manufacture of Church Organs.

We design to keep in our Warerooms New Instruments for sale at prices from \$400 to \$1,500 each, and are prepared to build by contract at the shortest notice. Organs, worth from \$600 to \$12,000. And by prompt and faithful execution of orders hope to merit a like encouragement to that heretofore extended to Wm. B. D. SIMMONS, and which has indicated the necessity of this business connection, that his entire attention may be devoted to the more difficult and artistic parts of the business, so that an increase thereof may cause no diminution of the personal attention which is requisite for the maintenance of the CHARACTER of our instruments, upon which we rely for success.

While it will be our aim and ambition to furnish ORGANS OF A PERFECTION OF TONE AND MECHANISM, AND OF AN ELEGANCE OF EXTERIOR UNSURPASSED, we are confident of ability to offer terms MORE FAVORABLE THAN CAN BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE, for the following reasons: Having ample means, we can purchase in large quantities at first cost, for cash; can always command the most talented assistants; and also do sufficient business to practise division of labor, which, by assigning parts to workmen skilled in their particular branch, necessarily insures better work at less expense. Our Manufactory, by its proximity to Charles river, enables us to receive lumber direct from the vessel at first cost, and having been erected expressly for the business, is in arrangement, size, convenience and its facilities unequalled, being furnished with steam engine, steam-heated drying-house, planing, grooving, matching, moulding, tenoning, boring, and other machines, together with lath scroll, circular and other saws, &c., all operated by steam power.

These facilities are such as are possessed by no other manufacturer of Organs in this country, and of themselves would enable us to furnish instruments, with a fair profit, at a price which those of like quality must cost builders who have work done by hand that can be better executed at half the cost by steam machinery.

#### Second hand Organs at all times for sale.

Orders for tuning church organs promptly attended to, and contracts taken for tuning by the year.

Orders respectfully solicited.

SIMMONS & FISHER,

No. 1 Charles St., cor. of Cambridge St. Boston.  
Boston, October 1, 1855. 06 3mo

#### L. H. SOUTHARD,

### TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

#### HEW'S

### PATENT AMERICAN ACTION

### PIANO-FORTE,

Manufactory, 379 Washington Street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

#### YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL MUSIC SCHOOL.

E. R. BLANCHARD, Teacher.

This School is designed for those who wish to acquire the ability to read music readily at sight, and is particularly adapted to the wants of those who desire to fit themselves to teach singing in schools, or to receive instruction, from the best masters, in the Cultivation of the Voice, Style, &c.

Address, care of Geo. J. Webb & Co., No. 3 Winter street.

#### MR. J. C. D. PARKER,

Will be happy to give instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, and the Theory of Music. Address:—No. 3 Hayward Place. May 26. tf

#### J. TRENKLE,

### TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

#### C. BREUSING,

### IMPORTER OF FOREIGN MUSIC,

701 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
Dépôt of Erard's Grand Pianos.  
CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY.

Constantly on hand a complete assortment of American Publications.

#### MR. AUGUST FRIES,

Teacher of Music, will be ready to receive pupils after October 15th, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, or at his residence, 15 Dix Place.

#### CARL HAUSE

OFFERS his services as Instructor in Thorough Bass and in the higher branches of Piano playing. The attention of Amateurs, Professional Teachers, and others who may wish to accomplish themselves for public concert playing, or teaching, is respectfully requested.

Mr. Hause may be addressed at the music stores of Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington St., or G. P. Reed & Co., 17 Tremont Row.

MUSIC AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

#### FIRST PREMIUM MELODEONS,

### The Very Best now Manufactured.

J. S. D. & H. W. SMITH respectfully call the attention of the public to their IMPROVED MELODEONS, constantly on exhibition at their Warerooms,

No. 417 Washington Street.

By means of a new method of voicing, known only to themselves, they have succeeded in removing the harsh and buzzing sound which formerly characterized the instrument, rendering the tones full, clear and organ-like. The action is prompt and reliable, enabling the performer to execute the most rapid music without obscuring the tones. The swell is arranged to give great expression.

The manufacturers received the First Premium, over all competitors, at the Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association; also at the Metropolitan Mechanics' Fair, held at Washington, D. C.

For the Parlor, instruments are furnished at prices varying from \$45 to \$150.

Larger instruments, with two banks of keys, for chapels and small churches, from \$150 to \$300.

This last instrument, known as the ORGAN HARMONIUM, has been essentially improved by Messrs. Smith, and they have secured a patent therefor.

Persons who wish to hire Melodeons with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rents credited as part payment of the purchase money.

#### Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

—GIVES—  
INSTRUCTION on the PIANO-FORTE,  
And may be addressed at her residence, 55 Hancock St.

#### MEYER & TRETBAR,

### Importers and Publishers of Music,

### BUFFALO, N. Y.

AGENTS for the Publishing House of G. M. MEYER, JR. Brunswick.

SCHUBERTH & CO., MUSIC DEPOT, 539 BROADWAY, N. Y., old established publishing house, founded thirty years ago in Hamburg and Leipzig, request the public to inspect their immense

Stock of One Million Works, the largest in the United States.

Our own 25,000 publications rank highest in Europe, and surpass by far all that has ever been published in the United States.

These facts empower us to sell good music at the lowest rates. To Dealers, Seminaries and Teachers, very favorable terms.

Our PIANOS, Grand, Upright, and Square, combine richness of tone, elegance with cheapness, having no competition.

#### HENRY S. CUTLER,

### TEACHER OF THE ORGAN,

BASEMENT ROOM IN THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT,  
GREEN STREET.

Communications may be left with OLIVER DITSON, or with NATHAN RICHARDSON.

#### CARD.

MR. PIERRE BERTHOUD, Professor of Music, graduate of the Conservatoire de Paris, pupil of Neumann, Maledou and other distinguished Musicians at Paris, begs to announce that he is now ready to take pupils in Boston, on the Piano, Musical Composition, Harmony, &c.

He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk, Boston; Prof. Agassiz, Prof. Guyot, Cambridge; J. S. Dwight, Boston.

Mr. B. may be addressed at Nathan Richardson's, Oliver Ditson's, and Reed & Co.'s Music Stores, Boston, or at Alonso Tripp's, Principal of the Young Ladies' Institute, now opening at 35 Centre street, Roxbury.

#### GEORGE W. PRATT,

### MUSIC ROOM UNDER PARK STREET CHURCH.

#### ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,

### TEACHER OF MUSIC,

### U. S. HOTEL.

Communications can be left at Mr. Ditson's music store.

#### G. ANDRÉ & CO.'S

Dépot of Foreign and Domestic Music,  
19 S. NINTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT,  
(East side,) PHILADELPHIA.

A catalogue of our stock of Foreign Music, and of our own Publications, has just been published. Music and Music Books imported to order, as heretofore, from Germany, Italy, France and England.

#### C. H. CLARKE,

### TEACHER OF MUSIC, 265 Washington St.

RESIDENCE... 13 SHAWMUT STREET, BOSTON.

#### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, per line..... 10 cts.  
Each subsequent insertion, per line..... 5 cts.  
For one column, (25 lines) first insertion..... \$12.00  
do do each subsequent..... \$6.00  
Special notices (loaded), each insertion, per line 20 cts.  
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.



